

Aristophanes' *Nerds*

Performance Script

Dramatis Personae

Dick Gaugetté (Euelpides)
 Pete Endeavour (Peisetairos)
 Personal Assistant (Slave)
 Tim Tereus (Tereus)
 Thingy the Branding Consultant (Priest)
 Poet
 Bill O'Reilly (Oracle Collector)
 Herr Dr. Dr. Chrysostom van Secauken (Meton)
 Harold (Herald)
 Thom Yorke (Kinesias)
 Iris Bequick (Iris/Prometheus)
 Hillary Clinton (Poseidon)
 Chris Christie (Heracles)
 Vladimir Putin (Triballian God)

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Scene 1a

Enter Pete and Dick, in the audience, calling out for each other.

Pete: Dick!

Dick: Pete!

Pete: Where'd you go!

Dick: I'm still right behind you! Should we go straight?

Phone: Now, turn right.

They try to clamber over the row in front of them.

Pete: Where are you taking us, you bastard?

Dick: This is pathetic, wandering around like chickens with our heads cut off.

Pete: Magellan here must have some virus - he's practically syphilitic. Is he trying to get us mugged? Why is he taking us up this dark street?

Dick: It's not dark, we're just in the audience.

Pete: Douche—

Dick: —moron!

They start clambering up toward the stage.

Pete: Where's that Uber Black Car we called?

Dick: It's seven minutes away.

Pete: It said that an hour ago! Even Google can't tell us where we are! Do you think you could find your way back to Wall Street?

Dick: Even Donald couldn't find Trump Tower from here!

Pete: (*trips*) Shit!

Dick: Watch it!

Pete: Those nerds told us this GPS would take us to Tim Tereus' house—

Dick: "Tim Tereus, Senator turned tech guru."

Pete: Isn't it awful, when we're ready to get down and nerdy, we can't find the way? All these twenty-somethings are rushing to Wall Street, thinking they can make a quick buck. But us, we're fed up with all the taxes, regulations, and that Bolshevik bailout bullshit!

Dick: It's bananas!

Pete: Not that we hate Wall Street *per se*. It was great until Dodd Frank put his fat, greasy fingers in our pie. That's why we had to get the fuck out – so we could find a REAL free market. So now we're looking for Tim Tereus. Maybe he knows where we can find it.

Phone: You are now arriving at your destination.

Pete: Hey!

Dick: What's app?

Pete: This cocksucker says that we're here.

Dick: Wait, is that Tim Tereus' Trademarked Tesla? We must be here!

Pete: How do we get in?

Scene 1b

An automated doorbell rings. Tim Tereus' PA pops up out of nowhere. Pete may scream.

Tereus' PA: Who's there? What do you want?

Pete: Whoa! Are those Google Glasses?

PA: Slicked back hair... Contact lenses... Rolexes... Tailored suits... Shiny wingtips... MAGELLAN! Establishment! (*Sirens start going off*)

Pete: What the fuck?

PA: You don't belong here. You have blackberries!

Pete: What do you mean? I'm a techie! I left my smart watch at home.

PA: Bullshit.

Pete: No, honest. I—I took it off for hot yoga.

PA: And what about you?

Dick: Me? I work for Yahoo (*said like in the commercial*).

Pete: And who do *you* think you are?

PA: Me? I'm Tim Tereus' personal assistant, gatekeeper to his IRL and digital fortresses.

Pete: So you're like his secretary?

PA: No, I cater a host of his needs. Sometimes I pick up his takeout – he LOVES sushi. I pick the millet out of his 12-grain bread. Sometimes he's even in the mood for dessert – you know—

Dick: (*laughs to himself*) whipped cream, chocolate sauce, popped cherries—

PA: Wild-rice mochi balls. I'm the only one he trusts to handle his mochi balls.

Pete: So you're a gopher. Go on gopher, go find Tim Tereus.

PA: Not now, he's just gone paleo and is sleeping off the myrtle berries and gnats.

Pete: Well, Mr. Benjamin says that he's awake.

PA: Ugh, paper money? Fine, wait here.

Pete: And fuck you! Look what you did to Magellan!

(Magellan makes dying sounds and error messages)

Dick: Fare thee well, Magellan. You serviced us well.

Scene 1c

Tim: Jeeves, open the door! I'm ready to come *(long pause – Tereus has verbal tick where he always pauses after saying the word come)*... and greet my guests.

Pete: Who is this clown? Nice shirt!

Tim: Who came... to see me? Did you come... far?

Dick: The government didn't want to take THAT shirt off your back? I can't imagine why.

Tim: You're not laughing at me, are you? What's wrong with hand-spun, fair trade bamboo silk? Plus, it's casual Friday.

Pete: We're not laughing at YOU.

Tim: This is just the sort of treatment I got that one time on the Colbert Report.

Pete: Wait, you're Tim Tereus? Are you peacocking?

Tim: This is how everyone in Silicon Valley dresses.

Dick: Where's your pocket protector?

Tim: We don't do that anymore... we've gone digital.

Dick: What?

Tim: Going digital means going green. Nothing gets lost because it's all in the cloud. But who are you? Are we facebook friends?

Pete: Nope.

Tim: Twitter contacts?

Dick: Uh uh.

Tim: Tumblrites?

Pete: Not yet...

Tim: Tinder Matches?

Dick: Don't think so!

Tim: Grindr favorites?

Pete: I'd remember.

Tim: Instagram followers?

Dick: You made that one up.

Tim: Then where are you from?

Pete: Wall Street.

Tim: You're not regulators, are you?

Dick: Fuck no! We're all about the free market. Adam Smith! Invisible hand jobs!

Tim: Yes, THAT'S how the seed of liberty spews forth!

All three (*sighing heavily*): Liberty!

Tim: But what are you doing here?

Pete: We want to talk to you.

Tim: So?

Pete: You used to be bound and gagged by red tape like us. But you left DC and came to sunny Silicon Valley and traded your suit and tie for less-than-business casual. You left the world of government turds to live with the nerds.

Tim: So then what sort of place do you want?

Dick: Have you seen The Wolf of Wall Street? That's what I'm talking about – a place where my biggest problem would be a yacht full of women.
(*laughs to himself*) All that flowery bosage and only one Dick.

Tim: And what about you?

Pete: I want a place where all the boy toys come up to me and complain: "a fine way you treat me, Daddy! You run into me, leaving the gym after my shower and you didn't kiss me, didn't chat me up, didn't hug me, didn't fondle me... and you call yourself a gentleman!"

(Pause)

Tim: Ummmm...

Dick: He'll be straight two scenes from now, don't think about it too much. Tell us about life with the nerds!

Tim: It's really nice, but first things first – you have to toss your wallets, we're all on bitcoin.

Dick: The Winklevosses made a killing off that!

Tim: We're also paleo – we eat sesame seeds, myrtle berries, poppies, and watermint.

Dick: Tax free!

Pete: Shut up for a minute!

Dick: What?

Pete: (*Under his breath to Dick*) Goddammit, Dick, remember why we're here.

(*To Tim Tereus – possibly not Pete's best acting*) I just had an amazing idea! You nerds have it good, but you could have it even better, if you hear me out.

Tim: What are you talking about?

Pete: First, take off your Google Glasses. It looks like you're watching porn. Anyone looking at you would say that you're underdressed, socially incompetent perverts. You need to organize! Synergize!

Tim: How?

Pete: Have you heard of The Cloud?

Tim: (*sarcastically*) Gasp! The cloud! What a novel concept!

Pete: Look out your window.

Tim: We're outside.

Pete: What do you see?

Tim: The sky.

Pete: You see blue skies, I see opportunity.

Tim: Opportunity?

Pete: Virgin territory that's ripe for the plucking. We'll build a castle in the sky and populate it with techies. With all this nerdy brain power, we'll erect an impenetrable wall of flame--

Tim: --Do you mean "firewall"?--

Pete: --and we can rule the interwebs!

Tim: --Internet. Go on...

Pete: We'll starve out the government and become masters of our own destinies!

Tim: How?

Pete: The internet's just electricity that flies through the ether, right? Think of all the transactions streaming around right now. When we build our sky city, we'll dam those streams and hold all the data hostage! You want to open a data mine in China? You need to transfer some dirty money? You want to send a dick pick to your secretary? (*Dick takes a selfie.*) It all has to go through us. They'll pay whatever price we set!

Tim: Holy sainted Steve above! That's the best idea I've heard since the iMac! Sign me up... assuming you can convince the other nerds.

Pete: How can we get them all together?

Tim: Easy. I'll tweet about it - they all follow me. They'll hop on their segways the minute I post it.

Pete: All right team, let's mobilize - take out your smart phones and post those twats!

Scene 1d (Song 1 - Single Ladies / Twitter Birdy)

(Song 1) Lines 209-266 'Twitter Birdy' to: *Beyonce, Single Ladies*

Tim: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Dick & Pete: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Tim: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Dick & Pete: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Tim: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Dick & Pete: Oh my Twitter Birdy!

Tim: Oh my Twitter Birdy, now get your thumbs out.
Post on the wall-wall, send out the tweet-tweet,
Update the tumblr stream.
Snap to my cha-chat, insta my gram-that,
Get on the damn Buzzfeed

Dick: 3 gigabytes, 3000 likes,
He's getting so much attention.

Pete: Don't block his flow, let him upload
This is how we meet the nerds.

Tim: 'Cause we like it and we're gonna put a pin on it.
Gonna outlaw taxation cause there's flaws in it.
Gonna build a nerd nation with no laws in it.
And if you like it then you gotta put pin on it.

All: One-one-oh-oh-oh-oh one-one-oh-oh-oh-oh
One-one-oh-oh-oh-oh one-one-oh-oh-oh-oh

Scene 2a

**Lines 267-326 [Taking place in a World of Warcraft Game as
players log onto the network.] [[link](#)]**

The PA reenters. There is the sound of a dial-up modem starting.

PA: The nerds are starting to log on, sir!

As each nerd logs they appear on the screen as if out of a computer webcam.

Pete: What species is that, not a comic book nerd?

Tim: Oh no, none of those commonplace collecting type nerds; he's a Coder.

Dick: He's got a fire in his belly!

Tim: Of course, his screen name is Flame4.

Dick: Woah, check that out... another nerd!

Pete: Why is he dressed like that?

Tim: He's SteamPnk37.

Pete: By Peter Thiel's Cryo-Cock, look at all the nerds logging on. It's a flashmob!

Dick: This one's a Trekkie [sn: DeltaFlyer]!

Pete: And that one's a Clone Wars reenactor [MillenniumFoulcon]!

Dick: This guy's some sort of... gatherer... of magics [BlackLotus3]?

Pete: And who's that behind him? He looks a little different. [sn: GooglePrincess?]

PA: There are girl nerds too, you know!

Dick: A girrrrl nerd? But we'll have to take her off of the project if she goes all pregos!

The PA hits him on the back of the head.

Dick: A Cardinal [nerd nation shirt, sn: brdnation], some hacker [Guy Fawkes mask, sn: GuyHawks11051605],...an analytics freak [sn:BigDattyMnr538], a manga enthusiast [OtakYou31]!

Pete: Look at all those dorks, it's a nerdherd! They seem pretty riled up — they're typing in all caps!

Scene 2b (Song 2, Shake it off)

(Song 2) Lines 327-351 'Code It Off' to: *Taylor Swift, Shake It Off*

Chorus: You're a virus we've been hacked!
 Dude we thought you had our back,
 But now you're talking smack.
 Did he break into our code?
 Pinwheel spinning, crisis mode.
 Mainframe into overload.

Chorus Leader: But we'll keep streaming, can't stop won't stop meme-ing
 Soon we'll have you screaming: 'Shut it down',
 'Cause we're getting our hacking LOLs.

Chorus: 'Cause the money's gonna talk talk talk talk talk,
 But our fingers gonna rock rock rock rock rock.
 Baby, we're just gonna code code code code code.
 Code it off, code it off!
 And the fuzzies gonna fuzz fuzz fuzz fuzz fuzz,
 But our feed is gonna buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz.
 Baby, we're just gonna code code code code code.
 Code it off, code it off!
 Code it off, code it off. Code, code, code it off, code it off.

Pete: Oh my god, just think:
 I could have stayed at home in New York City safe and
 sound;

Instead I'm getting memed to death by some goddamn nerds!

CH: Freaks and geeks get your glasses on,
Pull your iPhones out.
We're just gonna code it off.
To the techies over here
With the hella good gear,
Come and sync into my dropbox.
We can code, code, code.

'Cause the money's gonna talk talk talk talk talk,
But our fingers gonna rock rock rock rock rock.
Baby, we're just gonna code code code code code.
Code it off, code it off!
And the fuzziness gonna fuzz fuzz fuzz fuzz fuzz,
But our feed is gonna buzz buzz buzz buzz buzz.
Baby, we're just gonna code code code code code.
Code it off, code it off!
Code it off, code it off. Code, code, code it off, code it off.

Scene 2c

Two of the nerds enter in person.

Ted: Who, who, who, whooooo [voice cracks] is it? Who hath summoned the guild of the nerds??

Tim: It was I, Tim Tereus. (*Collective gasp from the Nerds*) I've come... with a bid from these two fine gentlemen, prophets of profits. They have a tantalizing proposition!

Ted: Forsooth!

Tim: Yea, verily, these paladins from the world of *high finance* want to build us a castle in the sky. They're ready to meet all of our fiduciary needs!

Hope: Frack, this is bad, man. These suits don't care about the code, the beauty of pure data, and our cloud computing!

Tim: Hear them out!

Hope: They're here now, all up in our cyber space!

Tim: They're logged in with me.

Ted: Hasteth my Nerdlings, let us flame and flay these foolish financiers!

Dick: Ah fuck, we're screwed! What do we do?

Ted: We shall slayeth them! We shall baneth them from the server! We shall trolleth their usenet accounts!

For the shirrrrrrrrrre! *[high pitch]*

Hope: So say we all!

[nerds prepare to attack]

Tim: Knock it off, these are friends! Why would you bite the hand that seeds you?

Hope: Why should we listen to these Sandhill rim-rods?

Tim: They might be suits, but they can still shell out that sweet, sweet bitcoin. Besides, we should learn from our enemies. It's like when Captain Picard learned the true meaning of christmas from his father... Darth Vader.

Hope: What the frack!?!?!?

Tim: Without a friendly investor, you'll go the way of Alta Vista.

Ted: Oh god, Alta Vista...

Hope: a fate worse than death!

Ted: NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

Dick: They seem to be coming around.

Pete: Our plan is starting to take wing!

Tim: It's not over yet!

Ted: Fall back into formation as before
and bury your bloodlust. Let us enquire who these men might be,
whence they come and with what intent.

Hope: Hey Tim Tereus!

Tim: What?

Hope: Who are these fellows?

Ted: And what do they want?

Tim: To live like us, to share our domain name and to dwell with us in
E-Harmony.

Ted: Does he just want to make money off of us? Why should we help him?

Tim: He does promise money, but not just for him, for all of us! More than
that, he promises us liberty!

All (*sighing*): Liberty!

PA: How unspeakably sensible.

Tim: He's as sly as a FireFox, a real genius, a real hacker, a real pied piper.

PA: Tell him to pitch it! Listening to you speak, my spidey sense is tingling!
We can get the rest of the nerds on board!

Tim: Alright, I've done all I can, it's up to you now. Have you pitched
before?

Pete: I only pitch.

Tim: Tell these nerds what they need to hear.

Pete: By Trump, I won't, unless they formally guarantee. You know---the same deal that Gollum made with Elijah Wood, that they won't bite, or tug on my nuts, or stick their fingers in my---

Dick: Wait---

Pete: I was going to say "my precious".

PA: That can be arranged.

Pete: Then swear it right now.

Ted: Verily I swear.

Hope: By the Lords of Kobol!

Pete (*adopting a cool-guy voice*): Listen up, gamerz, lay down your noble arms---your swords, your pikes, your battleaxes, robe and wizard hat, & morning stars---and turn yourself to my homepage!

Chorus Leader: To the issue at hand. Pitch us your idea.

Pete: By the white beard of Richard Saul Wurman, I am VERY excited to tell you---I've even prepared a little talk. Intern, bring me my headset!

No one moves. Everyone looks at the PA.

PA: Intern? Fuck that.

Dick gets the headset.

Pete: And someone bring me a Fiji. Chop chop!

(lights dim, spotlight on P, the screen in back reads "TEDx EPC"; P rips his shirt off, revealing a black turtleneck)

Pete: I've just been trying to find the right words for a while. I had this epiphany, something that will blow your crania. Let me convey my

deepest condolences to all of you, the Nerds. You used to be your own bosses. Not just your own bosses---bosses of everything.

Chorus Leader: Us? Bosses? Huh?

Pete: Yes, you! Bosses of *absolutely* everything, of me definitely, but even of the president of the United States---Barack Obama---and long before him, George Bush, and before him, Bill Clinton, and before him, George Bush. Even, long ago, Ronald Reagan.

(Dick crosses himself with a dollar bill)

Dick: I still miss him!

PA: We used to be in charge of all those presidents?

Pete: Absolutely! I can demonstrate this with solid evidence. Long ago, George Lucas ruled over these United States.

Hope: THESE United States?

Pete: Yes! And he instituted the custom of camping out in front of movie theatres and sleeping on the ground overnight.

Dick: Great wookie's ghost! I slept overnight to see the Attack of the Clones, and while I was lying on my back, my wallet fell out of my pocket and into a sewer grate--

Ted: Damn you Sarlacc Pit!

Dick: --and I had to settle for a pirated DVD.

Pete: Dick, I need you to focus for me.

PA: Tell us what to do next! Life isn't worth living, unless we take back our Liberty!

All (*Sighing*): Liberty!

Pete: First thing's first, I say there should be a single city of the Nerds, somewhere we can really take charge! And as soon as we've left the rest of society nerdless, then we'll build a, uh... uh...

Tim (*Whispering*): Firewall!

Pete: Yes! A firewall around the whole of the internet---with huge blocks of code!---just like SophosAntiviropolis or McAfeerton.

Ted: Bruce Banner's Hulking Hard-On! What an impregnable tower!

Pete: And when that's up-and-running, we'll cut off the rest of the world from all of their data. All their emails, all their facebook posts, everything from duck-faced selfies to nuclear codes. Once we control all the data, we will be the sole internet providers! All user info will have to go through an assigned Nerd before reaching its destination. And if a user wants to get to Tindr or FarmersOnly.com---he or she should give his details to Ashley Madison. If they want to book a flight through Orbitz or Expedia, they have to give their information to Richard Branson. And if you want to pay your taxes to the IRS, Turbo Tax is the only way to go, and they get your information before Barack Obama himself---every last 1099.

Dick: OH I LIKE THAT. Let Obama storm with rage!

Ted: But why would ordinary citizens consider us heroes and not zeroes? We have asthma, and don't exercise.

Pete: Bill Clinton has asthma, and he's a Great Man. Same for Teddy Roosevelt! There are others!

Ted: But won't Obama send his flying drone-copters after us?

Pete: Well, if those meatbags still consider you to be nothings and the government to be king, if they try to raise an army against us, then all their data will go up in smoke! But if they accept you as their boss, their Commander in Chief, their Gravitational Constant, their Ronald Reagan--then everything good will come their way.

Hope: But how can we make them money? Because that's what the American people really want.

Pete: When they play the stock market, the Nerds will give them instant advice. They'll reveal the most lucrative bets, no one will lose a penny.

Hope: Not a penny? How?

Pete: Whenever they ask the Nerds for a hot tip, one of them will write an algorithm and let them know: "Sell your Rubles, Russia's drowning in oil."

Dick: I'm sold! I'm signing up for eTrade *right now*.

Pete: And the Nerds will uncover all the Swiss Bank accounts that those Wall Street crooks opened. You've heard the saying: "X marks the spot", well we've got the shovels.

Dick: Nevermind eTrade, I'm buying a spade and digging up those trunks!

PA: But how can they deliver health? Isn't that something that Big Government should be providing?

Pete: If you make people rich, they'll buy their own insurance--big packages.

Dick: Smart man! No one can be healthy if his checking account is poor.

Pete (*quietly to Dick*): Would you stop that?

PA: But what about the elderly? Don't they need their Social Security? Or should we Logan's Run them when they turn 30?

Pete: Not at all--with our technology, everyone will live three hundred years or more.

PA: What? How?

Pete: How? We'll upload their minds to the internets and live 5 lives like Dr. Zola!

PA: I didn't like you much, but now I think I love you! I can't pass this up!

Pete: Well then, by our lord Steve Jobs there's no time for filibustering.
We've got to move fast.

Tim: Come...on, let's talk this over at Soul Cycle. Tell me about yourselves.

Pete: My name's Pete Endeavour, CEO of Endeavour Endeavours, and this is my junior partner Dick Gaugetté.

Dick: Gogetter, sir!

Tim: Well, come...on in, let's get coding!

Pete: Hold on a second; our coding skills are pretty...basic.

Tim: No worries!

Pete: And where the hell do I stick my floppy?

Tim: That won't work with my hard...drive. We'll have to upgrade your soft...ware.

Pete: Let's do it! [shakes hand]

Scene 3a (song - Royals, Nerd Kings)

(Song 3) Lines 676-800 'Nerd Kings' to: *Lorde, Royals*

Chorus: The nerds are here to innovate,
We'll disrupt your day-to-day, get ready
The technocrats will liberate
Make the whole damn world like Silicon Valley

And then you'll all be like: wifi, white bus, parking at the
Muni-stop
Free lunch, nap room, Happy Hour, Bottle pop
We don't care, what the hippies and the haters say.

And we'll all be like: Pack Heights, Noe Valley, North Beach,
 Soma
 Drop out, start up, who needs a diploma,
 We don't care, it's a Silicon love affair.

And we don't want the White House,
 We can run the world from here.
 We already kind of do.
 With all your data that we've got.

So let us be your rulers.
 You can call us Nerd Kings.
 Cause baby we'll rule, rule, rule.
 We're the internet of everything.

Scene 4a

Enter Pete and Dick. Dick is dressed like a nerd.

Pete: God, Dick—why are you dressed up like that? It's not Halloween for months.

Dick: Hey it's not just me—when did you trade in your jacket for a hoodie?

Pete: Birds of a feather flock together! *(gestures cynically to chorus)*

Ted: Come on, what do we have to do?

Pete: First off, we need to get our branding right for our new city, something with synergy.

Dick: I agree.

Hope: So what is our brand anyway?

PA: We're big on cloud-computing, you know? Blue-sky thinking.

Pete: Something like...*[looks to logo on his (soundcloud or apple cloud) hoodie]* Cloud City?

PA: Bazinga.

Dick: Doesn't Lando already have a trademark on that?

Pete: Fuck that backstabber. We can litigate.

Ted: And who'll be in charge of cloud security?

Pete: Not Apple...

Dick: Sony's out too, obviously.

All: Obviously!

Pete: We'd better do it ourselves. Let's get going and build the... the, uh...

PA: Firewall?

Pete: Yes, flamewall. Sleeves up, glasses on. And Dick, I'm gonna need you to get me that TPS report to me by, uhhh...Saturday. That'd be greaaaaaat.

Dick: Yeah, partner, and screw you too! *(leaves in a clearly disgruntled fashion)*

Pete: People! Where's my branding consultant?!? A company these days has to be branded like my great-granddaddy's herd of cattle—or, you know, like they would have been if he'd been a rancher instead of a railway tycoon.

Chorus of Tweets

PeteEndeavour: Get ready for the big reveal! #downwithbiggovernment
#innovation #DISRUPTION #booyah

God_Damn_Robin retweets

BirdNation favorites

GuyHawkes H/T @PeteEndeavour

Nerdisttheword @PeteEndeavour tl;dr. Explainz plz?

CloudStarPR: @PeteEndeavour is raising money to support orphaned baby space aliens. #RETWEET

Real_Bill_O_Reilly: @CloudStarPR #LIES

Scene 5a

Pete: Stop tweeting!

Enter Thingy the Branding Consultant, wearing a suit, brought in by a nerd.

Magellan: I've got the Branding Consultant!

Pete: For the love of greenbacks, what's this? I've seen strange things in my time, but what have you DONE to your suit?

Thingy: *Thingy*, Branding Consultant and Digital Prophet!

PA: She's the best in the business.

Pete: Shoot—what ideas do you have for me?

[Bams ad lib throughout. Scene accompanied by Prezi.]

Thingy: Let's get Thingerblasting! The central concept here is *Cloud City*. Several nodes branch off from it.

Pete: We need *cloudsteading* on there right away.

Thingy: That's definitely part of your *political platform*, maybe to do with *sustainability* and also *less paperwork*.

PA: Paperless living!

Thingy: Your *independence* from *government inefficiency* will eliminate bureaucracy!

Ted: I don't want Cloud City to be grey and dreary.

Hope: Yeah, we need some *culture* here.

Thingy: ...BAM! I just had the juiciest brain-fart. In-house Netflix right here in the *thinkery*!

Pete: They won't ever want to leave!

Thingy: And *Marvel* will inspire decor

Ted: Oooh! *Hawkeye*, and *Birdman*

Magellan: and *Thor*

Hope: *Captain Cloud City*!

Pete: —*Batman* and *Robin*

PA: I think that's DC

Pete: I told you, Washington is not getting involved! Stop geeking out; we need to think logistics here. Who's in charge of *Coffee Acquisitions*?

PA: Forget Netflix, who's in charge of *Soda Streaming*.

Thingy: Don't forget the *Garbage Collector*.

Pete: OUT! We'll be a waste-free city so stop wasting my time.

Hope starts chanting "Pa per less! Pa per less!" and the rest of the nerds pick up the chant.

Thingy: BAM. You've been thingered. *Magellan takes Thingy out.*

Chorus of Tweets:

God_Damn_Robin: What's wrong with Marvel? #haters

BirdNation: @PeteEndeavour is right to be practical here. Early days, bitches.

GuyHawkes: @PeteEndeavour No company's complete without molecular gastronomy. I <3 fire.

Nerdisttheword @PeteEndeavour appt me chief redditor plz

CloudStarPR: @PeteEndeavour But who'll look after the orphans???

Real_Bill_O_Reilly: @PeteEndeavour We'll be exposing government inefficiency tonight on the factor. #oreillyfactornotxfactor

Scene 5b

Nerd Stephen comes in.

Stephen: Hey, there's a whole crowd of people coming!

Hope: Yeah, it looks like everyone wants to be a part of Cloud City!

Pete: Wow, uh... I guess that name caught on fast. Let me just, uh... *(He takes a second to pat himself on the back. He struggles a little bit)*

PA: I don't think we'll be able to keep them out.

Ted: Yeah, here's one now!

Enter Poet.

Poet:

Cloud city:
words disappear
in electrons and song.

Pete: What are you doing here? Who are you?

Poet:

I am the poet of the Body and I am the poet of the Code.
I show that size is only development,
as Whitman says.

Pete: You're not one of those hipsters, are you?

Poet *(dropping all affectation)*: I'm gonna be Cloud City's poet in residence!
I've got scads of sonnets, some performance pieces. You should see my Hemingway rap!

Pete: How long have you been doing this?

Poet: My whole life I've been *on the road* to Cloud City.

Hope: Cloud City's only been around for ten minutes!

(Poet snaps fingers, dramatic lighting change)

Poet:

For three years, out of key with my time,
I strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain "Cloud City"
In the old sense. Right from the start—

Ted: Dear God, no.

Poet:

The Cloud demands an image
Of its accelerated grimace,
Something for the modern stage,
Not at any rate, an Attic grace—

Stephen: Make it stop!

Poet:

Better mendacities
Than the classics in paraphrase!

Pete: Nerds! Get him out!

Ted and Stephen drag the Poet away as he screams the opening lines of Howl.

Pete: Thank God that's over.

Scene 5c

Enter Dick.

Dick: We're done debugging the firewall! All you have to do is press this comically large red button app to activate it!

Enter Bill O'Reilly, running, with Magellan on his heels.

Bill: WAIT! Don't press that comically large red button app!

Magellan (*Wheezing*): I'm sorry, I couldn't stop him! Asthma.
(*To the other nerds*) We stuck with the asthma thing, right?

The other nerds give him a thumbs up.

Pete: Who are you?

Bill: Who am I? I'm Bill O'Reilly reporting live from Cloud City.

Pete: Bill O'Reilly? Then screw you.

Bill: Listen here, son—don't forget your civic duty! I've got the latest
Pinheads and Patriots Report from the Thinktank for Freedom on the
Cloud City crisis.

Pete: Cloud City crisis?

Dick: Pete, we're a crisis!

Bill: I love my country.

Pete (*Pointing up*): Me too!

Bill: Studies show that access to technology dramatically increases social
inequality by 89%.

Pete: There's nothing I love more than statistics.

Bill: That means money! I'm all for less government, but not for less
America. The secession of Cloud City will negatively impact family values.
This is just the most recent front of the liberal War on Christmas. We
can't have some left-wing atheist European socialist utopia on America's
doorstep.

Dick: Does it really say "family values?"

Bill: Look at the facts! Children need mothers. Children need fathers. You can't raise a child with an app!

Hope: Actually, I'm working on an algorithm--

Bill: Look at the facts! And what about when you try to come back? You'll just be more immigrants taking away jobs from hardworking billionaires—I mean, ordinary people!

Pete: But—

Bill: *Look at the facts!*

Pete: Your report doesn't match our data models at all.

Magellan: Our top analyst, Ian Morris, estimates that a free Cloud City will drastically improve employment levels, standard of living, and pollution.

Pete: And that's just the start!

Bill: LIES!

Pete: Look at the facts!

Dick: Stress levels will decrease because of city-wide meditation programs and open space homes.

Bill: It couldn't possibly say that.

Pete & Dick: Look at the facts!

Pete: And go spin your shit somewhere else.

Bill: Listen here, son, this is a no spin zone—

Pete: Get out!

Bill (*On his way out*): You will regret this!

Scene 5d

Pete: Alright, it's time to press that comically large red button app!

All: Five!

Four!

Three!

Two!

Enter Herr. Dr. Dr. Chrysostom van Secauken.

Van Secauken: Gutentag!

Pete (*To Dick*): Ugh. Where are these people coming from!?

Dick: I'm telling you, everyone's afraid of getting caught with their pants down pics that they sent to their girlfriend!

PA: Sir would you give us a moment?

Magellan: From two?

All: Two!

One!

Pete presses the button. The app makes a small buzzing sound.

PA: Is that it?

Dick: I guess. We're live!

Hope: What about... (*She points to Herr Dr. Dr.*)

Pete: Oh yes! Who are you?

Van Secauken: Who am I!? I am Herr Doctor Doctor Chrysostom Van Secauken, Baron of Arschlecken, and I am a post-post modernist

post-abstract data architect. I wish to provide some post-Hegelian aesthetic guidance for your cloud-steading project.

Pete: Huh?

Van Secauken: Oy vey. (*Again but bigger*) Who am I!? I am Herr Doctor Doctor Chrysostom Van Secauken, Baron of arschlecken, and I am a post-post modernist post-abstract data architect! I was recently awarded the Copenhagen award for ethereal substantiation in human ecology information structures. I am famed in Sweden for my phallo-digital mushroom designs. I wish to provide some post-Hegelian aesthetic guidance for your cloud-steading project. For a modest fee, I could share with you my latest award-winning concepts. They've recently been lauded in Helsinki.

Pete: What's that?

Van Secauken: It is my iRule. According to the aesthetic principles established post-Kant, the surface of the cloud is akin to a langoustine bisque and can be modelled by a 2D sphere.

PA (To Pete): That's just a circle.

Van Secauken: I will make a blueprint by superimposing a hexagonal matrix over the spherical surface that will serve as a prototype leading to your retail core, on which the hyperlinks will converge, much like the whimsical pleats of a sphincter.

Pete: Nice try, buddy, but you can get your pleated sphincter out of here.

Van Secauken: What is the problem?

Pete: No really, leave.

Van Secauken: Sir, they shall hear about this in Helsinki! Aufwiedersehen. Tschuss!

Hope escorts the Baron out.

Scene 6a (Song 4 - All About That Bass)

(Song 4) Lines 1057-1117 'Tech Rebel' to: *Megan Trainor, All About that Bass*

Chorus: Because you know we're all about the Bay, 'bout the Bay:
tech-rebel.

We'll rule the USA, USA: tech-rebel.

We'll run the world some day, some day: tech-rebel.

And we're starting up the Bay, up the Bay, Bay, Bay.

Yeah it's pretty clear, I ain't no quarterback,

But I can swipe it - swipe it and score that Tindr-ass.

'Cause I got that swag swag that all the [girls/boys] chase

And I'm the Foursquare mayor in all the right places.

I'm in the magazines, Gizmag and Wired too,

Go on and google me,

Top twenty under twenty-two,

If you've got brains brains, just raise 'em up.

'Cause every inch of you perfect

You're the 5G six-point-two.

Yeah my mama she told me don't worry about four-eyes,

She said, "You'll get the last laugh when those guys are serving fries."

I'm a six-figure, bleeding-edge, Silicon Valley nerd,

And if that's what you're into then join us and flee the herd.

Because you know we're all about the Bay, 'bout the Bay:
tech-rebel.

We'll rule the USA, USA: tech-rebel.

We'll run the world some day, some day: tech-rebel.

And we're starting up the Bay, up the Bay, Bay, Bay.

Scene 7a

Pete: It's weird, I haven't received an update on the firewall.

Chorus Leader runs up.

PA: The firewall has been compiled!

Pete: Excellent! *(In Mr. Burns fashion.)*

Sirens go off everywhere.

Pete: What's wrong?

PA: I'm getting an update! A government toady has gotten through the gates of our city, dodging the Trekkies.

Pete: Fuck! Who?

PA: We don't know.

Pete: All nerds: man your battlestations!

Enter Iris in Ted's custody.

Pete: You! Yeah you! Stop! Stop! Goddamit! Stop! Where did you come from?

Iris: From DC, lauded home of the White House, the Pentagon, the Capitol.

Pete: What's your name?

Iris: Iris Bequick.

Pete: So are you a Hillary or a ... Monica?

Iris: Come again?

Pete: Gladly.

Iris: Tell your stooge to get off of me!

Ted: Stooge! How dare you! Wait, which stooge?

Iris: *Shemp*.

Ted: How dare you!

Pete: Tell me, sweetheart—how did you get in here?

Iris: No comment.

Pete: I'm sure you don't know what I'm talking about. So what did you do?
Did you jerk Captain Kirk?

Iris: Come again?!

Pete: You know, get your wookie Hoth and heavy? Hoover the tower?
Packard your hall?

Iris: Look peckerhead. No one packard my hall, I hoovered no tower, my
wookie did not get Hoth and heavy, and I. DID. NOT. JERK. CAPTAIN.
KIRK.

Pete: You're invading Nerd Space!

Iris: I have diplomatic immunity!

Pete: Not here you don't. The nerds are in charge now and you government
assholes have to recognize that.

Iris: Well, I'll have you know that Barack Obama, the 43rd President of the
United States sent me himself to deliver this message: all your data are
belong to us. Thanks, Obama!

Pete: What do you mean... us?

Iris: I mean ... us. The government. The president. The Pentagon. The
Capitol. The FBI. The CIA. The NSA. The IRS. The EPA. The FDA. And of
course—the BGN, the Board on Geographic Names.

Pete: Well, we control the data.

Iris: Oh, that's funny. That's what AT&T said, too. Did I mention the NSA?

Pete: Look, little lady. I'm not some hand-out dependent, motor city CEO. The government can't touch us nerds. If Obama pisses me off any further, I will release photos from Joe Biden's furry conventions, that dirty video that Scalia and RBG made, and, yes, MORE of Dubya's paintings. And if you say one more word, you government floozy, I'm gonna punch you right in the baby maker.

Iris: Fuck you, you misogynist pig. I swear, if you had any balls I'd punch them. Obama's going to hear about this.

Iris runs off.

Pete: We can't let her get away!

Stephen runs after her.

Scene 7b

PA: Oh, Harold is here to see you.

Pete: Who's Harold?

PA: Apparently you know him.

Harold enters. Not a him.

Harold: Hail Pete! Hail CEO! Hail CFO! Hail COO! Hail V-IPO! I could keep going...

Pete (to PA): Clearly I don't know *him*.

Harold: Now that you've reached 15 figures, you've got more Twitter followers than Taylor Swift. And now Wired wants an interview.

Pete: Have their people talk to our people. But why's Wired interested?

Harold: Don't you realize how important you are to everyone? How many of them are hungry to swallow your pearls of wisdom? Before you came along, people were pumping and dumping all over the place—subprime, subpar, substandard... successful. Now everybody's geeking out; not just your Bay Area Millennials. Grandmas in North Dakota are live tweeting their breakfast. Empty nesters put up their obnoxious vacation photos from Peoria and go grubbing for "likes." Every fifth word you hear is in Java.

Pete: Then let's get moving. Call our people in China and have them double our production of nerd glasses. Liberty will be ours!

All: Liberty!

Harold leaves.

Scene 7c

ENTER THOM YORKE PLAYING MUSIC.

Pete: Thom Yorke, Radiohead frontman! Why are *you* here mixing musical manure?

Thom Yorke: My next album is gonna drop on the deep internet. But first I need to learn... the internet.

Pete: Oh, really.

THOM YORKE KEEPS ROCKING OUT FOR A LONG MOMENT.

Thom Yorke: The interweb is a soundscape through which my neosymphonic poems can evolve from discrete ones and zeroes into the infinite... into the sublime. The music spirals through the architectures of empty space and apotheosizes into the cloud.

Pete: Our Cloud?

Thom Yorke: Yes, my art hinges on it. Intelligent Dance Music is blinding, ethereal, crepuscular, a multifaceted monad, pulsing on arpeggiated wings through the thermal currents of our consciousness. Listen! All will be revealed.

Pete: I'd rather not.

Thom Yorke: I'll run through my latest composition, Untitled 5

PA: That really won't be necessary.

Thom Yorke: Vectors of velocity with voiceless violence...

Magellan: Does he want to see violence?

Thom Yorke: Traveling in space... the periegetic illusory... [*Pete tases him*]
Hey, don't taze me bro!

Pete: I thought you were into thermal currents.

Thom Yorke: Is this how you treat a musical genius?

PA: I think we can find a place for a genius like you. [*Holds up a Genius Bar shirt*]

Thom Yorke: I don't have to put up with this. Genius is never understood in its own time.

Pete: Get him out of here!

Ted removes Thom Yorke.

Scene 7d

Iris sneaks in quietly, looking backwards, not realizing Pete is there.

Iris: Update, I've escaped my guard. Now to find Pete Endeavor.

Pete: Oh, Ms. Bequick, (*she screams in surprise*) I'm so glad you've joined us!

Iris: Joined you? Never! You'll never make me talk!

Pete: No one's going to make you do anything.

Iris: Torture me all you want, you won't—wait, what?

Pete: Let's talk about your future.

Iris: Future?

Pete: You've had a good run with Barack, but, let's face it, 2016's just around the corner. What will happen then? You're one of dozens of White House pages. You could try your luck with Hillary...

Iris: I burned that bridge in 2008. A lot was said that can't be unsaid.

Pete: You know, with your skills, you could do a lot here.

Iris: What do you mean?

Pete: Driven, independent, intelligent woman like yourself? You're the ideal candidate to jump the ship of state and board the gigayacht of the private sector.

Magellan: You remember Eric Cantor? He's making nine figures now. Dick Cheney—well, no one's sure, but it's a lot.

PA: Or Tim Tereus—you could be the next Tim Tereus!

Iris: Well...I like public service...but I *love* money.

Pete: Prove it.

Iris: Okay, turn off your phone, Barack's preparing an assault on the cloud... I can get you his attack plan and divert some of his firepower to your wall.

Pete: I'm listening.

Iris: Well listen closely, this shouldn't leave the room. Barack's a goner.

Pete: Isn't he already a lame duck?

Iris: You really finished him when you occupied the cloud. Now without data they're losing control over the electorate. Even the Russians are pissed. Putin was starting to get the hang of his own NSA and now you snatched it out of his old withered fingers.

Pete: What do I care about Russians? The only Russians I care about are white. (*A general "whoa" reaction*) I meant the cocktail!

Iris: You should care! This is bigger than data. This is about fundamental freedom. This about liberty. Liberty with a capital L.

Pete: Oh...yeah...sweet lady Liberty.

Iris: This country is built on liberty—nothing would happen without her. Liberty runs our factories, plants our fields, bakes our apple pies and Thanksgiving turkeys too.

Pete: So she services all needs?

Iris: If you have liberty, the cloud really is the limit.

Pete: And in our cloud, we have just the position for you.

The two shake hands and Iris exits.

Scene 8a

Enter Hillary Clinton and Chris Christie and Vladimir Putin.

PA: Look!

Pete: Shit, get down!

Magellan: Who is it?

Pete: They brought out the big guns.

PA: I'm doing the body scan now. That's Hillary Clinton, Chris Christie, and... my scanners are saying Dobby the House Elf, which means it must be Vladimir Putin!

Pete: SHHH!

Hillary: Look, Putin—Cloud City! Put your shirt on. I'm starting to think this alliance wasn't the best idea. I know that Obama wanted us to be playmates but you're the worst of all world leaders. Chris, what should we do now?

Christie: You know what I want, Hillary? Let's kill that guy who's cutting off the data. Give him the old Jimmy Hoffa treatment.

Hillary: Chris, we're here as ambassadors, not the Sopranos.

Christie: Fucking NEEEEEEEEERDS! Christie SMASH! (aside) Christie 2016.

Pete (*quietly*): We have to act professional.

Pete enters with attendant nerd-herd.

Pete: Gather the Mountain Dew and Doritos.

Hillary goes over to him.

Hillary: Hello, gentlemen, we've come to negotiate the release of our data.

Christie: Oh, what's this for?

Christie wanders towards the food.

Pete: We've had to deal with some rebellious nerds. This is their severance package.

Christie: So are those Doritos up for grabs?

Pete: Hey, you're Chris Christie. I didn't recognize you with the beard.

Christie: New campaign season, new image! Never give up!

Hillary: We've come (*nerds snicker*) to discuss a truce. Washington, DC and the Nerds – ahem – Cloud City have a lot to gain from each other. We get unobstructed data transfer, you get tax breaks and all the H1B visas your heart desires.

Pete: We didn't want to start a war. We just want to make the world a better place, to live free from bloated bureaucracy, with Liberty and gadgets for all.

Christie: Good enough for me. I am willing to cross the aisle. Christie 2016.

Hillary: What? Why, I oughtta—

Pete: Take a chill pill, Hillary. DC will be better off with us in charge. You guys in Washington don't have any idea what goes on outside of foggy bottom. If you contract out with us, anyone who breathes a word against Washington will be locked out of all his devices.

Hillary: By Hillary, that's a good point!

Christie: I agree.

Pete: And what do you think?

Putin: Sometimes it is necessary to be lonely in order to prove that you are right.

Pause.

Christie: He's going for it.

Pete: Now about taxes. If any citizen tries to evade the IRS, we will confiscate his bitcoins faster than you can say 4th amendment.

Hillary: You're talking about blackmail! You're talking about extortion!

Christie: Hey, we've decided to get the fat fingers of government out of your noble business. (Christie 2016)

Pete: I have another demand. Barack can keep Michelle and her organic garden, but I want Lady Liberty.

Hillary: Dream on, cowboy. No deal!

Pete: Alright, whatever... [turns to nerd attendants] Can we get fois gras doritos?

Christie: Jesus Christ, Hills. What's your fucking problem? You want to fight a war over Liberty?

Hillary: What can we do?

Christie: We gotta make a deal.

Hillary: Don't you realize that if you hand over Liberty we're all going to die as slaves to the nerds?

Pete: Watch out for this man-eater! Chris, a word in your ear? I'm worried about your future. Right now you're a small-time Jersey bully, stuck in bridge traffic on the road to 2016.

Christie: But after the 2014 midterms Boehner said the White House would be mine.

Pete: He can't promise that. You're playing right into Hillary's hands. She'll be the first to sweep into office.

Christie: You mean I have no legal right to inherit the government?

Pete: None whatsoever. Screw those Washington fat cats. Come with us and you'll finally be free.

Christie: Lady Liberty is yours, my friend. (*shakes hands*)

Pete: How's that sound to you, Hil? Lady Liberty, on my arm?

The rest of the cast freezes as a spotlight trains on Hillary and she turns to the audience.

Hillary: Look, friends. You know, and I know, that liberty isn't a lady. Liberty is a right, belonging to every man, woman, and child. If she were a woman? She'd have her own right to liberty! And I would be a poor statesman if I handed her own sovereignty over to some data hoarding asshole for political gain. You and I, we know all this. But this asshole over here thinks Liberty is some kind of fuckable woman so... let's just say my husband and I *both* know how to take an opening when we see one.

Lights return to normal and the cast unfreezes.

Hillary: Of course you can have Lady Liberty! She's totally real and not at all a figment of your imagination!

Pete: And you, comrade?

Putin: If you press the spring too hard, it will always snap back. You must always remember this.

Pause.

Christie: He says, DA.

Hillary: But we still haven't gotten to the core of the issue here—

Iris walks in. Hillary stares at Iris. Iris stares at Hillary.

Iris: We meet again, Madam Secretary.

Hillary: You little traitor.

Iris: The nerds are the future. You had your chance. *(Takes off her blazer and grins.)* I've been waiting a long time for this.

Fight ensues. Carmina Burana plays, of course. Iris is triumphant.

Hillary: Just remember, all of you, as you meme and tweet and like your way through life: wherever there's big data, there will always be big government.

Hillary is dragged offstage.

Christie: I'll stay behind and see about these Doritos...

Pete: *[to a nerd]* Go get my tux. *Puts on dark sunglasses as he begins the song...*

Scene 9a (Song 5 - California Nerds)

**(Song 5) Lines 1720-1765 'California Nerds' to: *Katy Perry,*
*California Gurlz***

Pete: Greetings, loved one. Let's take a journey.

Chorus: I know a place, where we're free from regulation.
No government, and there's always good reception.
Makin' our own laws via online referendum.
Got the world on its knees, sucking up to us and here we
come.

[You could travel the globe,
but nothing compares to our city in the air.
Let your data take flight;
You'll be up on cloud nine...ohh ohh ohh ohh]

California Nerds
We are untouchable
Two-step on and firewall up.

Data-mine so hard, Big-Bro's gone digital.
Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh.

California Nerds
We're incorruptible.
System set, we got it on lock.
West coast represent, we are the internet.
Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh.

Pete: Tall, green, bronze, and heavy:
French-made so you know she's ready.
Raise...that...shining torch,
Wanna huddle my masses inside that door.
I mean get free, I mean like let's get free.
Kiss her, touch her liberty!

Wanna climb your stairs, cuz I'm unaware, what's the view from there.

That's okay, we can play, you'll love the Bay, you can have your way.

Phone play, sexting, hooking up is everything.

Techboys nerding out, all those apps hanging out.

My tower of power, this hour's our hour.

Technocrat and his flower.

Hey Libby my lady,

Lookie here my baby,

[I'm up all on ya, cuz you're representing California]

Chorus: California Nerds
We are untouchable
Two-step on and firewall up.
Data-mine so hard, Big-Bro's gone digital.
Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh.

California Nerds
We're incorruptible.
System set, we got it on lock.
West coast represent, we are the internet.

Ohhh, ohhh, ohhh.